

Feed the Birds

Do you see in the clouds, miles above you?
Swooping closer and closer, take heed;
If you feed the birds, they'll tell you
The truth that the lights never sees

Of the creeping and crawling of shadows
The vermin that slip through the door
Of the dangers that lurk in the shallows
The talons that won't be implored

When the birds come closer, consider,
Think long, think hard, think true,
Are you prepared for the pain and the blister
Their knowledge will surely bring you?

On wings of strife and of metal
On the winds of deceit and of night
At the bottom, the truth has to settle
And fix you with red, beady eyes

The birds are almost upon us
Shrill cries of secrets to tell
It's too late for me to escape, my friend
Will you feed the birds, as well?